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Souvenir of
California Flowers

COMPOSED BY

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ODE TO CALIFORNIA IN THE HONOR OF
CALIFORNIA LAND.

California most beautiful,
 Bearer of all things good and true,
 No other country teems with such abundance,
 As God has bestowed on you;
 You have nursed upon your bosom,
 The rugged and the fine,
 And made them dwell in harmony,
 Within thy broad confine.

Chorus—

We hail thee Miss California,
 Worthy daughter of a Native pride,
 A land where all can reap a harvest,
 And find a true home to reside.

With them they brought their brawn and sinew,
 To delve and work your mines,
 Whilst some of a different nature,
 Sowed the vineyard with its vine,
 And the golden sheaves, with their golden grains,
 Nods and sways with the winds,
 Saluting the vinter yonder,
 As he prepares to make his wines.

Chorus—

From your myriads fields of industries,
 We enrich our golden store,
 And the World's ships are in our harbors,
 To buy our surplus o'er;
 Your precious mines have never ceased,
 From the caverns of the earth,
 To reward the miner for his toil,
 Of their wealth there is no dearth.

Chorus—

With all your various and mutual resources,
 You have drawn a motley crew.
 And whatever they have planted,
 You sustained it till it grew;
 Your ideal urban homes, magnificent cities,
 Proudly do they proclaim,
 That all have prospered beyond surmise,
 And were happy to remain.
 Chorus—

They brought the olive and the citrus fruit,
 And found in thee a zone,
 To propagate and cultivate,
 The seed they brought from home,
 Till all your lands from North to South,
 Have myriads of orchards grand,
 As well as the fruits of the citrus belt,
 You have the fruits of every known land.
 Chorus—

You are a land of a perfumed breeze,
 Inhaling scents from your wealth of flowers,
 You are the land of giant trees,
 Yosemite in her bridal veil embowered;
 You are a land of opportunities,
 Many genius will you claim,
 You are a land of opulence
 Of a vast and wide domain,
 Chorus—

Your crowning glory are thy beautiful offspring,
 Born, bred, and nurtured by thee,
 Brought up in an inspiring atmosphere
 They would die or not be free;
 No nobler men or women
 A land has never yet produced,
 They do honor and give credit
 Wherever they are introduced.
 Chorus—

RICHMOND SUBURB IN SAN FRANCISCO

When Richmonds calcium lights are flickering,
We meander for a walk,
And sniff a breeze of briny ozone,
As on our paths we stalk,
From Arguello, to the Ocean,
From Presidio, to the Golden Gate,
There is not such another beauty spot,
For homes throughout our state.

Your boundaries with their prospective views,
Of Ocean, and scenic Marin,
Are claimed by the most fastidious,
To build homes, to dwell within.

Your proximity to our World's famed park
With nearness of Reservation;
Having two such noted sight seeing spots,
You have climbed to an elevation.

Sutro Heights in its palmy days
Was a sight to behold,
Where all have basked in its sunny rays,
Sheltered from the Ocean's cold,

Planted by the hand of a noble soul,
To enjoy its beauties, he enacted no toll,
As its foliage moans a requiem prayer;

Its leaves dropping as a funeral pall,
As the mist from the Ocean,
In sad tears fall

O'er the graves of him, who bedecked this spot,
And the memory of this generous Sutro,
Should not be soon forgot.

Jordan Park now famous,
For wealth and beauties abode;
As the city of the dead looks down

From its beds of still repose,
Does it favor thee, more benignly,
Than it favored the race course track,
Where the jockeys and their racers,

At the sound of the judges gong,
Would race a mile a minute,
Till the judge would call them back.
Those were the days of the Comstock
When the Mackeys, Floods and O'Briens
Struck it rich in Nevada
As it belched the gold from the mines;
With Stanford, Ralston, Dunphy and Fair,
And every one of prominence were sure to be there.
When the races were finished on the track,
Out to the Cliff House all would pack.
And those who bet a losing game,
Their hilarity would not be a whit more tame,
Those were the times when goodfellowship reigned
And the loser was treated as royally
As if he had a flush in the game.
But the old Cliff House is gone,
And another has taken its place,
And the Cliff House Road
You can find no more,
It is lost in a wondrous maze
Of streets and magnificent buildings,
Bordering on each side,
And automobiles, and street cars
Are the conveyance of those who ride.

THE SIERRA RANGE.

Round in area, reaching far,
Of mountainous range, you are the star,
As Sierra's Peaks we in wonder view,
Translucent in their veil of blue,
In the changing light of an opal hue,
Thou art a mountain magnificent
Through and through.

Mount Shasta and Whitney, sister peaks,
As vigilant watch guards, they ever keep
A sharp look out that they may detect,
The least disturbance, that might mar the rest
Of their spoilt child,

In this far out West;
And daughter California, is proud always
To honor them, as father, to love and obey.

And those, who enter at her Northern Gate,
Are struck by awe, as they contemplate
Sierra's forests of pine and dale,
Her magnificent grandeur of hill and vale.
The tongue uttereth not a sound
The heart's feelings are too profound,
As the eye beholds this mountain grand,
A scenic beauty, of Nature's hand.

We gaze and wonder in mute surprise.
Hard is the heart which does not surmise
The existence of a Deity wise.
No landscape gardening can man devise,
As we find in Sierra diversified;
Traversed thousands of miles of beautiful scenes,
But thy columns of pine, in their shaded greens
Was the grandest picture, on Nature's screens.

ODE TO MARIN.

Dedicated to Congressman Wm. Kent and Mother

Beautiful Switzerland of America,
Is what thou seem'st to me,
Scenic mountainous Marin,
And Tamalpais by the Sea.
With its Muir Woods,
Bordering, with ferny maiden-hair,
Forming lovely bowers,
To pass fleeting hours,
As lovers walk in pairs.

The deer and fawn
From morning till dawn,
Gambol in your glades;
While wild birds sing,
And mate, in thy wooded shades,
The mountain lions, in sequestered nook,
In quest of prey, he runs amuck,
Of rifle shot, at the sportsman's crack,
A hunter's trophy he pursues,
A lion's carcass he brings back.

The wild flowers vie, the air to scent,
Delighting the eyes of Congressman Kent.
He, and his good mother, so generously gave,
A magnanimous bounty, that they might save
This natural park, of their beautiful domain,
To the people at large, that it might remain,
A thing of beauty, of Nature rare,
It is unsurpassed in loveliness fair;
And thy costly stadium, for frolic and mirth,
I fear we don't value them, one-half their worth.

Vast acres, of an agricultural wealth
Are disappearing, as if by stealth.
On every side a progress looms,
As Urban homes spring as mushrooms,
Forming a chain of beautiful towns,
As Summer resorts, they are far renowned.
From thy Eucalyptus groves, embowered,
The City claims their busy hours,
But as night is on, at evening's close,
They sleep with thee in sweet repose.

PORTOLA-PANAMA PACIFIC ODE—1913

When Columbus besought Queen Isabel
To fit out an expedition,
He had a vision strange and vague,
A kind of a superstition
That away, across the billowy waters,
There was a voice appealing,
Beckoning him to sail onward,
Beyond the horizon's clearing,
Where he could find an unknown passage
The vagueness of his perception clouded as to place,
Little dreamed he of the discovery
Of a New World and a new race.
A home, a haven, for all distressed,
A sunny vale of peace and rest,
Where all could dwell in mutual love,
Where weak ones would not be shovèd;
No grasping avarice and greed,
Equality and justice alone our creed,
With the Cross and the Crown of Him above,
To soften the wounds of those he loved.
With a tumult of hope and fear, he set sail,
Fitted out by the King and Queen of Spain,
O'er the trackless desert of a watery main,
Bold and courageous he carried his aim;
Though Sage, Poet, King and people as well,
Against his project, they all did rebel.
He prayed for safety in his venturesome task,
And some worldly treasures, of His Father, he asked,
To recompense his benefactors, who so unselfishly
In the cause of his goal,
Though it seemed but the wildest dream,
Gave ships and subjects, gold and store
To this honored hero, that he might explore.
After weeks of buffeting, tedious sail,
The sight of this new land
Did their hearts regale,

With a frenzy ecstacy of a joy complete,
As they accomplished their daring feat,
Landing, they knelt on the ground,
Blessing in the Name of God the Father of Kings,
Whilst their prayers and thanksgiving in unison rings.
Now they unfurl, and float to the breeze,
The Ensign and Flag of their dear native land
Which was destined to stand, as a milestone,
Directing to that Western Shoal,
Where all have found food for body and soul.
They explored surroundings, traversed hill and vale,
Their mission ended—homeward bound did they sail,
To be feted by kings and people alike,
Not aware that their discovery was only a trite,
Of the discoveries which would be made,
And the pages of history they would write
Of this world which they just only scanned.
Many daring spirits followed in their wake,
With ships well-supplied, and well-manned,
First came the undaunted and bold Balboa,
Who discovered the great Pacific Ocean,
Wading out, he planted the flag of Spain,
Taking possession of all the land
Bordering on this vast watery main.
Four hundred years hence, did he for a moment surmise,
As he gazed on this mighty ocean, with awe and surprise,
That man would those huge mountains hew,
Boring a passage through,
Until those Oceans wide
With East and West tide
Mingled their waters blue.
What a tribute of homage we discern,
God allots to man, that he may earn,
The reward of talents bestowed by Him;
Wonderfully creating and befitting man,
That he might instill not alone
His Image, but his Great Creator's skill.
Ah! well it might be wise to ponder here,
And ask a question fraught with fear,

If as mind develops beyond matter
Are we to proclaim with presumptuous clatter
As we ring from Nature her secret knowledge
Should it tend to Atheism, and minds inclined
To rant, wrangle and abuse,
The Sacred Laws of God to man;
That old proverb, or Shakespeare's adage
Commit to memory, that you may have it,
A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pyrian Spring,
He who studies till he finds the Philosopher's stone,
He neither fumes or picks a bone!
Let no man preach and think he is right,
Until he sees with a Philosopher's sight
For he sees matter from every side,
And conclusions drawn are generally right.
As the pages of history turns a century o'er,
Sir Francis Drake visits our shore,
He sails past our Golden Gate,
The mist clouds hanging as portiers wide,
Reaching shore from side to side;
Ah! well it was a lucky fate,
As we would not want our bay called Drake.
The wild poppies dazzling in gold,
Banked the side of our Golden Gate,
Welcoming Don Gaspar Portola
In to harbor and state;
Reserving for him, in one hundred years,
To discover our beautiful Bay;
As his eye ranged its compass
He was filled with wondrous dismay,
As he dreamed a dream, fulfilled today.
No need in this garden to toil in strife,
To earn enough to sustain life,
No need to save with grasping greed
Things that should be scattered as useful seed,
Letting all reap whatever is sown,
As on their path of life they are going,
A proud land of equal rights,

Reserved by honor and not by fights.
Hordes shall come from North, South, East and West,
And find in thee, a land of peaceful rest;
A land great enough all to enfold,
And though they were tempted, by the sheen of your gold,
It was only the lure, the cause to effect,
The solution of this problem fair and correct,
This fair land has proven this degree,
That all men here are equal and free.
We also find in this land of the West,
Products bounteous, as all the rest;
A country of an area wide,
Prolific in bearing beyond surmise;
A genial climate exhaling a healthful glow
Over body and spirit, where'er you go;
A gladness of heart, born of its sunny sky,
No need to erect Churches to God on High,
For here He has sculptured in Nature's deep forests,
Something, to touch the heart of the narrowest;
For should not one spark of Spirituality illume.
A soul so dead as the vaults of a tomb;
Let them open their eyes, to gaze on their splendor,
Homage and adoration to God, will they render,
And here on the verge of this beautiful harbor,
Where Don Gaspar Portola landed with cargo;
We are now ready to welcome him, with eclat,
Into this wonderful City of this vast State;
Everything is thrown open wide,
We have selected a queen, to be his bride;
With a pageant of gorgeousness to herald his coming,
With song and music the air is a-humming,
We present him, with the key, of our City,
That he may enter in, and partake,
Of all the good things of this land.
A boundless hospitality our people have installed,
And will dispense with lavish hand,
As they welcome one and all.
Blessed, honored, beloved San Francisco,
Queen City of the Pacific pride,

Lovingly are thou, chosen
As a fitting place to reside.
Tourists by the thousands,
No matter where they stray,
Keep a warm place in their hearts,
To come back to you some day.
Of all our Nation's great cities,
Whether East or West,
You have nobly out-stripped them all,
You have done it with a zest.
That is wonderfully magnetic,
Which has made you, a guiding star.
All nations pay you homage
Though they see you from afar;
Your indomitable pluck and courage
Was born of a race,
Who had true adventuresome spirit,
No dangers they would not face.
And nobly did they show it
When their beloved City laid a charred waste.
They forgot self loss and sufferings,
In working to erase
The destructive havoc wrought upon it
By earthquake, flame and fire.
It would warp the souls of most men,
To face such disastrous dire,
But buckling on their harness
Setting manly to labor,
Made the goal of their work,
Be San Francisco Savior.
They have raised from out its ashes
A City, more beautiful than before,
And the world is mystified
As it ponders o'er,
How so much were accomplished
In a short duration of time,
It is now that you must speak,
It is hidden from me and mine,
What forces were behind you,

They must have been divine.
And San Francisco does speak up
Saying that the world must listen
For she has a lesson to teach,
As she tells how she has risen,
We were planning and creating,
Weaving in our minds,
E'en while we were hungry
Standing in bread lines,
Growing fonder in one brotherhood
With the equality of man impressed,
For sheep we are of one fold
When we are equally distressed;
Let us not forget it too soon,
For fear that in our pride
We might grow arrogant and bold,
And try to over-ride,
Loosing much praises told;
And the love we proved most true,
Wrangle not wise hearts
We want it to remain
For we owe a debt of gratitude
To the whole wide world's domain,
Let all find here a safety harbor,
As they enter her Golden Gate
Let this be the Western Mecca,
To come and assimilate;
There is ever little danger,
Of the good and virtuous true,
Being swallowed up and devoured
By the jaws of a bugaboo.
And no matter how man rates it
God has devised ahead of you,
If He desires a new order of things
His Hand is in the plan,
The survival of the fittest
Has been His rule as God to man;
And those who have gained supremacy.
Lost out by their own ills,

We are told it in the Book of Books
And its proverbs have proved most true.
That before we sleep in peace, on earth
To be of one fold is due;
Then trust in God's completeness
And our wants we will allay,
No need to serve the god of gold,
Which clothes the soul,
In a cloak so cold,
Leaving half the world to freeze,
That some may wallow in their greed.
We have built a magnificent City,
So stately, and so grand,
Be careful that we keep it, on a solid base,
By the observing of God's laws,
Respect for Creed and Race,
Whilst we protect our own interests,
Let Justice reign in sight,
And let all our statesmen adhere
To it with all their might;
Then we can have friendly intercourse,
We can legislate and arbitrate,
If each is doing just right,
And do away with warfare—
Civilized nations should be ashamed to fight.
Now that we are resurrected from our chaos,
We stand with open arms,
To welcome all within, none may feel alarm
As your bounty sent us in distress,
And in our hour of need,
You can send us now your precious wares,
And we shall all indeed,
Assume their care and value them,
As the rarest of our own land,
And may they form a union,
As amongst them we stand,
Enchanting lessons in man's handicraft,
The wisdom of poet and sage,
Not in their wildest dream or fancy.

OCT 14 19...

Was ever yet presaged.
Specimens of God's Creation,
With the rarest art of man,
Heaped upon our wharfs,
What an achievement we have planned,
For you our well-beloved City.
As tears well to our eyes,
For we doth feel your honor,
Which lauds you to the skies.
To be chosen by the people,
Of our own United States,
To represent the Nation,
As it opens its Panama Gates;
To wear the regal crown,
To welcome to our State.
The whole World at large,
To enter our Golden Gate,
That they may come and join,
And send their treasures thither,
May our friendships formed, be as our flowers,
Which never die or wither,
May our pleasures be discreet and calm,
As gliding rippling rivers,
May our hospitalities be dispensed,
As free and cheerful givers,
May our World's Fair
Form a boom, as lasting as the Sun,
To our beloved State and Nation,
As on their course they run.

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